SOME FEATRERED HERDERS.

Birds that Combine to Drive Fish and In-

sects Together to Feed Upon.

People who casually glance into national his

ory stories run up against facts which they

laugh at as being the creation of somebody'

have scoffed editorially at truthful accounts of

doings of a bird or animal. A few days ago

THE SUS contained an article from the Popula

Science News about a bird that herded sheep and

of sheep. What everlasting lies they do print

"Dogs tend sheep, don't they?" was asked.

tinner away. In that locality the hawks are unusually abstadant, and there are also numerous flocks of small birds there. Getting beyond a large flock of small birds the hawks come sweeping toward them in such a fierce way as to cause the small birds to rise and flee in terror before them. In their excitement the small birds do not notice the wire, and many a one is driven against it and killed or crippled, to become food for the lawks. That the hawks know what they are about is shown by the fact that they do not pursue the birds further than the telephone wire, or if they do, it is only when none fails. In this case the hawks endoavor to get beyond the fleeling birds to turn them back toward the wire, much as cowboys turn stampeding cattle.

MR. CLEVELAND AS A SPORTSMAN.

Criticism of the Way the President Has

Ducks Lined Up for Him to Shoot,

President Cleveland has been called a "dead

game sport" in contradistinction to the man

the living game. The American Field told re-

cently how the ducks are jured within range of

the President's 10-gauge gun. When Mr.

Cieveland wants to kill ducks for a day or two

he goes down the Potomac to Wide Water, and

finds his blind all ready for him. The chances

are that, as he goes from the boat to Mr. Wal-

ler's house, where he stays, he will see a flock

of ducks feeding near his shooting stand, and

pot-hunting man, as the ducks extend in

a straight line twenty-five yards from the blind,

ENGLISH SPORTING METHODS.

Good Enough for England, but Objections-

ble with American Game,

"There are a whole lot of people," said a sports-

man the other day, " who are positively shocked

at some of the bags of birds made by English

hunters. They can't see why an Englishman

kills a thousand birds a day, and calls

it sport, but here they make a mistake.

These thousand birds are English pheasants,

hand reared, and kloked up with clubs and boots

to make them fly to the ambushed hunter some-

where ahead of the beaters. There is some sat-

where ahead of the beaters. There is some sat-isfaction in bringing down a flying bird, and that is what the Englishman is after. If the American had to hunt such birds as the English-man does he would do exactly as the killers of thousands do, but as things stand the American hunters get as much satisfaction out of, say a dozen ruffer grouse, or fifty prairie chickens, as an Englishman gut- or an American would get out of killing numbreds of half-tamed birds. "Further a weards of the form to America most

out of killing numereds of hall-tained birds.

But what we object to here in America most emphatically so string English methods to fund American game. There was that follow from England who went out West some years ago and had a drive of cik and killed a hundred of them in an hour or so in the corner of a fence he put up to stop them. They used to bring their punt guns over here, too, and often killed a Lamired sitting ducks at a shot till the various States put a stop to such practices. If they will hunt like westo, they are welcome, but we won't tolerate any of their meat-heap methods.

SMOKELESS POWDER.

Its Advantages and Diradvantages for the

According to a Symptomen's Review writer,

smokeless powder is confusingly varying. If

the rifle is used on a warm day it shoots with

who hunts for the pleasure of seeing nature and

when he had read it.

don't they ?"

"How so?" was asked.

When it was reported last summer that a wolf had been killed on Webb's game preserve the story excited general disbelief, as it had been years since a wolf had been reported by trustworthy parties. But a wolf was killed all right enough, for Mr. Webb himself said so. Then, of course, "Where in thunderation did he come from?" was the emphatic inquiry. Nobody knows. He was first heard howling for several nights, then at dusk one day he was seen drinking from a lake, and a bullet ended him. Previous to this some woodsmen in northern Herkimer county and reported that they had heard wolves in the Moose River region recently, and since there have been like reports. It is not im-probable that there are hair adozen or even a score of wolves in the Adirondacks now. If there are, they have learned the proverb that "silence is golden," or at any rate hunt and how only in the utmost depths where men sel-

how only in the utmost depths where men seldom veature.

The wolf is naturally an exceedingly shy and fox. A few wolves would find sustenance in the swamps and on the ridges of the denser New York forests, where great northern hares are thicker than sparrows and deer as plentiful as blooded dogs in a city.

Kentucky thinks wolves, wildcats, and the

two varieties of foxes are getting altogether too plentifut in that state. A bill introduced into her Legislature not long ago provides for a bounty of \$5 on the woives and \$1 each on the

Giant Stage and Dwarf Deer Among the

Some of the delights of Ceylon deer hunting are described in thiting. There are four varieties of deer there, of which the sambur, erroneously called elk, is most sought, because it is the largest and fiercest of all. The stag sambur stands from 12 to 14 hands high, and is nunted with a pair of fierce dogs in leash to do the throat grabbing and a pack of trailers to bring the beast to bay. The leash dogs are a cross between fox and wolf hounds, the others are foxhounds straight.

The rifle is very seldom used in sambur hunting, though once in a while one is killed on a runway like Adirondack deer. This rifle killing is necessary "because a number of young dogs are in the pack, who to be properly trained should suck a sambur's throat blood." like the necessary winter deer crust! This is

should suck a sambur's throat blood." This is like the necessary winter deer crusting with young dogs in the Adirondacks.

A part of the hunt will not be fully appreciated by sportsmen in the United States. "We soon found ourselves," says the writer, "in a perfect forest of nilbe, which for a moment threatened to bar our way. Drawing my knife I slashed victously, chopping like a backwoodsman, crawling, jumping, and advancing. I came to the stream, and in a moment I was in a norm in view of man, crawing, juning, and advancing, came to the stream, and in a moment I was in it, and, running along it, soon came in view of the game at bay. In a little recess, backed by smooth, perpendicular rocks, stood a magnificent stag, his mane bristling, his head down ready to beat back any attack. The trailing pack stood about him, raising a row that made the forest echo. I had at once loosed the seizers, and at sight of the bay and at the sound of my voice. Yolks, to him! they made a frantic rush at the stag. In a moment there was a confused mass of dog and deer, \* \* \* and the two seizers had him by the throat. We two men piled onto the heap. \* \* With a mighty convulsive leap that threw all but the seizer dog Grouach off, the stag fell forward, dead, with both our knives in his heart."

They find a perfect deer in Ceylon that is about the size of or smaller than the jack rabbit of the plains. It is called the mouse or musk

of the plains. It is called the mouse or musk

of the plains. It is called the mouse or musk deer, and has sharp white tushes in its jaws to fight with instead of horns. Good sport may be had bowling these deer over with a shotgun, Nos. 6 or 4 shot.

Wild boar, white-whiskered monkeys, munt-jack, or paddy, field deer, and spotted deer are some other attractions to sportsmen. Little of the meat can be saved, as little meat is required for men in that climate. The sambur is too coarse for most tastes, so the meat mostly goes to the dogs, the hunters being satisfied with the trophtes. The horns are usually not well deviced as no livestone is found in that country. rophies. The horns are usually not well de-reloped, as no limestone is found in that country.

## HUNTING RUSSIAN BEARS.

Stories of Adventure Related by an Ameri-

Bear hunting in Russia has all the humors, dangers, and excitements that are dear to every man with sporting blood in him. Fred Whishaw tells in Cuting enough of all three to make a sportsman want to hunt the Russian bear. This bear is a curious sort of animal and has a

way of circling around and around his hibernatden for hours and miles, endeavoring to mislead the hunters, perhaps, or maybe to get so tired as to fall asleep easily and lastingly. This takes place at about the time of the first hard snow, along in November, when food gets scarce, and just about the time the wolves be gin to grow gaunt and flerce. The native hunters keep track of the berlogas, and sell the information of their whereabouts to visiting sportsmen for from 30 to 50 roubles a den; but Mr. Whishaw, being a sportsman, preferred to find his own dens; so, having found a bear track near Alonetz, where bears are plentiful, he climbed a tree near the track and awaited developments you have only to get out of the way and high enough up to watch his bruinship, and in the end you will find where the selected spot is:" and having learned the den's location he left the bear to sleep comfortably till the time of the hunt. Mr. Whishaw so found twenty occupied dens, and with these secrets locked in

his bosom waited for the hunt day. The first bear that day was found in elegant style by the dogs. The "barin," or local hunter, got up before the den with the only rifle, ready to shoot, while Whishaw poked into the den with a pole. He could feel the soft body, but the bear wouldn't move. Punches, jabs, and talk were of no avail, till at last the pole bit a tender spot. Then "the bear gave vent to a dismal sob, full of pathos," which made to a dismai soo, tuit or pathos. Which inade the writer sorry for the poor beggar. Then out came the bear, and before the barin had time to shoot the bear he began to dance most ex-traordinarily on his hand legs, a chain in his loss clunking.

tracedinarily on his firm ters, a chain in his nose clintking.

"We did the generous thing by him," the writer says. "We let him go. He was somebody's escaped dancing bear, returned to sleep in his native wilds. We had another adventure on this trip. This was with a real, live, get-up-and-claw-the-hunter she bear, that had four new-horn cubs to protect and a temper rather easily lost."

There was only one bounty paid for wolf killing in Maine in 1835. This wolf was killed a Andover, and was the first killed in Maine for some years to come. There was a time when Maine wolves went deer hunted deep hunted main a seen the hunted deep plunge into the water of a stream or lake of that State to escape the blood thirsty brutes trailing after.

Thirty years ago no sound was more common in the deep Adirondack woods at night than the long how) of a wolf, and in the early darkes many campers have listened to the call note of the leader wolf as sounders were plenty, but in the early '700 a bounty law was yeased, and hearing.

When it was reported last summer that a wolf had been killed on Web's game preserve the hearter. Whishaw do the leader was in pickle, but he early carbon the point of the was in a pickle, but he early company for a stone of the call note of the deep Adirondack woods at night than the long how) of a wolf, and in the early darkes many campers have listened to the call note of the leader wolf as sunden the wolves were plenty, but in the early '700 a bounty law was yeased, and hearing.

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## WHERE TO FIND MOOSE

Game Resources of Northern Minnesota

and How to Get to the Ground. H. C. Mend of Sidney, Mich., is a mill owner and timber locator and estimator, who spent several years in northern Minnesota following his line of business. Being a thorough woodsman he naturally learned a good deal about the game in that region. He writes to THE SUN that there are plenty of moose along the Mis-sissippi River from Itasca Lake to Bernigio Lake, and from there north to the Rainy River. There are lots of deer besides. The Indians do most of the hunting.

"Just a common hunter's outfit is all that is needed," he writes, "and the same calibre rifle that is used to kill deer will kill moose," Dogs are used in deer hunting to some extent, but "there are mighty few dogs that will follow a Moose have been known to kill dogs, and most dogs seem to have heard of such killings. In case the sportsman should get tired of ventson and grouse ment he will find fishing tackle of a powerful kind very useful and entertaining, for nearly all the lakes have fine, large fish black bass, pike, pickerel, and in some ish back bass, base, pickerel, and in some lakes trout. To reach this region is an easy matter. Go to Park Rapids, Hubbard county, on the Great Northern Railroad, get all your supplies there if you wish, take the bi-weekly stage from Park Rapids to Bemigie, and there

you are.
The Red Lake Reservation is to be thrown open for settlement this season, and in consequence there will be a big rush for claims, and the game will be driven back toward the Rainy

there will be a big rush for claims, and the game will be driven back toward the Hainy Lake country.

"Now if I was going hunting," Mr. Mead writes, "I would go to Duhuth, Minn, take the Iron Range Railroad to Tower, on Vermilion Lake, there get my outlit, go across the lake in a small steamboat there that runs every day to the head of Vermilion River, go down the river in a rowboat or birch bark canoe about twenty-five miles, and would there begin to shoot moose, partridges, ducks, and deer, a-plenty of all four being thereabouts, besides the finest fish."

New Jersey sportsmen in the summer will never be homesick in that region, for "there are more mosquitoes to the cubic inch in that country than in any country on earth, and they than in any country on earth, and the are only slightly smaller than a Jersey critice.

## SOME ANIMAL HUNTERS.

Strategy by Which California Coyotes Were Able to Run Down & Jack Rabbit.

Like the wolf of which THE SUN told recently an Indian will often take a deer's trail, when deer are scarce, and follow it for days, preventing the deer from feeding or resting and making t so weary and careless that in the end he kills it by a shot at short range. Probably the Indians first learned to follow a deer in this fashion from observing the habits of wolves, panthers, and other wild and tireless trailers of game.

The coyote is not so strong a wolf as its big gray cousin in Maine and other wolf countries. Nevertheless, he has been known to run the jack rabbit down as surely as death, but in a more expeditious way than the Maine animal adopted. Whether it is a habit or not of the coyotes to run jack rabbits in pairs cannot be said for certain, but a story was told some time ago in a well known sportsmen's paper which, being backed by a similar story of English foxes, has every appearance of being truthful.

The two coyotes were seen to jump a rabbit

The two coyotes were seen to jump a rabbit one day out in Culfornia on a mesa. One of the coyotes took after it on the dead jump; the other trotted to a near-by rise and lay down, with its nose on its paws knowing that the rabbit would surely circle. Pretty soon along came the jack rabbit with the other coyote behind, both going full tilt. Up jumped the waiting coyote, and away it went after the rabbit, while the other dropped out of the chase and waited as its companion had done, to take the trail on the rabbit was exhausted by the strategy and endurance of both the animals of trey, and so soon fell an easy victim, to be eaten by both the hunters.

J. B. Bennet of Brooklyn saw a fox early one morning lying beside the open narrow gate of a rabbit-proof fence that surrounded a 40-a-re plantation not far from the Marquis of Queensberry's game preserve in Scotiand. Looking over into the enclosure he saw another fox chasing the rabbits that had entered the open gate to get at the cabbages there. The rabbits—eight or ten of them were headed for the gate and running like "cutty sarks." When one plunged through the gateway the fox lying alongside it leaped and had it by the back of the neck in a jiffy. Then the foxes tore the rabbit to pieces and "enjoyed the feast like honest sportsmen." honest sportsmen."

## HUNTING DEER IN CUBA.

Had to Be Done on the Siy-A Hunter's Adventure with Har,dits.

Down in Cuba there were men who lived by hunting exclusively before the war broke out. These men nearly killed all the deer there. The Spanish Government forbade any more hunting. The decree stopped hunting for a while, but the Cubans before long learned to do the trick without danger. Sending out one man with the dogs secretly, by a roundabout course, the rest of the party went out openly, having rotten a permit to hunt pigeons, and making their way to the hunting grounds turned the dogs loose and watched the runways. When a deer was killed they went to the seashore with the deer slung across a saddle, put it in a waiting boat, and it was then taken to and up the bay to the city, carted to the home of one of the party, and divided, the party coming into the city the same way they left, with bunches of pigeons dangling from the saddle.

A Cuban now in Brooklyn tells how he and five other sportsmen mounted their saddle at the goats.
horses one day, took their rifles, and went for a three-days' "pigeon hunt," taking several 'pigeon dogs" with them. Next day a deer vas killed, and the following morning two of their best dogs disappeared, having been last seen after a big buck. Caramba! Here was a line state of affairs. Their bird-dogs gone, what would the authorities say? The hunt was prolonged and foragers borrowed and bought supplies from time to time while they looked for

piles from time to time while they looked for the dogs. One day they learned of a native hunter scamp hidden up in a little valiey. And the six went up to see this camp. They said, "How do?" to the hunter; then:

"Have you seen our dogs?"

"No. No dogs."

"Now, are you sure?" asked the leader of the party while the other five shifted their rifles.

"Caramba." said the hunter, his face growing pale when the guns shifted. "Are these they?" The dogs had been tied up in the camp pending the departure of the hunters.

On this trip was a young Cuban of considerable wealth who had the most powerful and swiftest horse in that part of the island secause he feared that the bandits might capture him and hold him for ransom. One day he was coming in from a ranway when, on looking ahead, he saw on either side of the harrow bridle path two herce-looking then armed with machetes. No. So dogs."

No. So dogs. The dock began to cook ther the dogs had been tied up the single the other five shifted they began to swind the part shifted they said the hundre, is face problems, the part shifted they began to dog the fitted up the specific the part shifted they. They said the hundre, the part shifted the part shi

They opened their eyes. Micheale, he went to the camp, and a terrible bandit story he told there, but he said he had best them off. We laughed

but he said he had beat them off. We laughed very much.
"A week later Michealo had been to see a fair sehorita. It was dark. A bandit was expected by that road, and the civil guard was in ambush awaiting him. Michealo came riding along, and the sargeant shouted;
"Meyo-stop." He should have said 'Stop! for the civil guard." He should have known. He thought it was bandits, and leaning far forward he put the spurs home. The civil guard fired. thought it was bandits, and leaning far forwar, he put the spurs home. The civil guard fired Michealo arrived in camp, his horse wet like is the and puffing herd, landits again. Nex day one of the guard told about Michealo, how he yelled when they shot. We had man laughs at him that trip."

HE INSULTED A TAME GRIZZLY. What Happened Then, as Told by an Ey-

Witness in a Local Paper. A second-rate pugilist had been having his wn way in a rare Western town, where guns were less popular than #sts, for several weeks, He knew enough of scientific boxing to do up the fighters thereabout, and rad begun to think himself invincible in that particular Idaho town when Josh Miller, a trapper, came in from the Jackson's Hole region with a two-year-old gri sly hear ambling along at his beels as tamely as a pug at the end of a string. Naturally, tame grizzlies were less familiar than the real wild ones, and so all hands gathered around to examine the beast, of which they had often heard as Josh had taken it the year before from be side its shot dead mother.

"What's he good for?" asked one of the men but Josh didn't know, unless it was for com

pany's sake. Josh went over to the hotel and tried to engage a room for himself "and family," but the proprictor had his doubts for a while, though in the end be consented. It being nearly supper time, Josh headed for the dining room, with the bear close behind. It would have been all right, only an Easterner and .his wife were there. ing the bear, the man went under and the wo man on top of the toble at which they had been stiting. Josh and bear compromised by eating in the kitchen, "where they warn't so darned

in the kitchen, "where they warn two unries, sentimental."
Meantime, the pugillst, who was named Will Caesier, had heard about the hear, and so when Josh and his pet went into the barroom ("aesier and several others were there waiting. Josh ordered drinks for the crowd, and the bear got about a pint of "dead shot," well sugared, in the wash basin, and enjoyed it hugely. Caesier got through drinking first, and went over and got astride the drinking bear.

It is a noint of eliquette out West never to internpt one's drinking, and even grizzly bears resent such breaches. The Weilsburg Rustler tells what followed: tells what followed:
"The editor, who was present, saw a gleam in

"The editor, who was present, saw a gleam in bruin's eyes at this moment, and noticed that the nearest door was not open. He opened it, Josh noticed the bear, too, and he got up in the corner where the bar and wail meet. The bear shook, and the ser sprawled on the floor. Caesier got up swearing and kicked the bear in the shoulder in a way to bring a grunt, but the dead shot seemed to have made the bear gentler, for hegeinned, with drops dribbing from its spenlips. Josh, we noticed, got onto the our with one leg on the far side as the hear assect on its limid legs and held its fore paws in from of him like a down East woodchuck, it was intensely anusing to Caesier to see the bear standing so, and, in a surf of playfulness, has anger all gone, he led with his right, landing on the bear's lower jaw, and followed with a loft bander on the nees with a swarthat was yery auditile. The bear nodded and gringer his appreciation while the men, except Josh and with a loft hander on the nees with a swat that was very audible. The bear nodded and gruned his appreciation while the men, except Josh and us, gathered around to book. A right and left followed, both landing smartly on the near's tenderest spot the end of his nees. Then the bear reached out and mopped the puglist's few with his dirty left paw, following with a cross wipe with his other sawdisty paw, sinally giving a surprising straight punch that haded on Caesler hard enough to knock Bill. Lawrence, who stood directly behind, down; but Caesler was still on his feet, wildly waving his hands as if to keep his antagonist at a distance while hading his wind.

"The bear took two steps forward and got a slight down scrape on the hose again. There was lying in the corner all doubled up. The dector found that his jaw was fractured in three places.

"Josh said to day that he was very sorry for Caesler, and that he had often boxed with his pet, Josh is a quiet man, and one of the few that. Caesler never lever lacked. Mr.

pet. Josh is a quiet man and one of the fever that Caesler never licked nor tackled. My Caesler is a valued citizen, and we sincerely hope that he will recover, paying the assurance of the doctor that he probably will if no complications arise."

## WILD GOATS IN ASIA MINOR. Exciting Sport for Hunters Among Hot and

Precipitous Mountains. Hunting wild goats among Asia Minor mounains is pretty much the same as mountain sheep hunting in the Funeral range of mounains of California would be. The goats are wild and must be hunted with the caution and discernment of the sheep hunter. There are in the Asia Minor region glaring rocks that reflect the flerce heat of the sun into the hunter's face, while sudden showers often soak him to the skin. Added to this, drinking water must be carried, and the Turk guide or bearer has much besides to take, so in any event the supply is small. A writer to the London Field tells something of his luck : "The rugged limestone mountains, culminat-

ing in the lofty peak of Takhiali, rise sher from the sea, which, at the foot of the clifts, is of great depth. The general appearance of these amountains overhanging the sea is one of bare gray rock, sparsely dotted with dark-foliaged fir trees, but the ravines are thickly wonded"—just the place for the goats.

After climbing over these barren-looking mountains, erawling up precipies, and edging down steep stones for some hours the hunters at last about midday saw four females in a ravine below. "Despairing of seeing any rains, and in the hone of securing fresh meat. In continues, "I decided to try a shot at one standing on a rock almost perpendicularly below me. Sho was about 150 yards distant, and standing perfectly still, but I missed her clean, the binder striking with a loud smack the rock on which she was standing. It confused her, and instead of botting down hill as these goats somanly do she of security for the midst ske feet under water. Most diving the malard spreaded hunt as plash, throwing the water high in the aping them perfectly strike the striking of necks. After a while they found that the wheat and corn were still deeper, and they struggled hard toget it, and succeeded, on the natural striking with a loud smack the rock on which she was standing. It confused her, and make the feet out of the water and impossible to leave or get drowned by the flying water. "I cannot give away the method by which Mr. Waller then possed down with a spisal, throwing the water high in the aping them goes down with a spisal, throwing the malard jumps two feet out of the water and lamps to feet out of t ng in the lofty weak of Takhtali, rice sheer down steep stones for some hours the hunters at last about middiny saw four females in a rayine below. "Despairing of seeing any rams, and in the hope of securing fresh meat. In continues." I deeded to try a shot at one standing on a rock atmost perpendicularly below me. Sho was about 150 yards distant, and standing perfectly still, but I missed her cream the builet striking with a found smack the rock on which she was standing. It confused her, and instead of bolting down fill as these goats usually do she came clambering up toward mer so hastily slipping another cartridge in I got a second chance at eighty yards as she passed me. She showed no signs of heing hit, but I found a heavy blood trail beginning there. In spite of the blood loss she led us a long chase, and eventually evaded us." But they found her later the specially where she had and herself down. She jumped into the scrub and they never saw her again.

It is very often necessary to have off one's shoes to prevent the nobe alarming the game, and then one does think he is a tenderloot, especially when crossing the broken rocks, that are both hot and sharp. It is not stated thy hunters do not wear soft leather moceasins, but it is probably because they are Englishmen who mostly but there.

The Turks knew about where the goats would lie down, and so they went to a bunch of rocks overlooking the place, and there they were—two rams and several ews. 300 gards away, already alarmed, but coming toward the handers instead of going away. The goats stopped when about 200 yards off.

"It prepared for a shot," the writer says. "The two rams and several ews. 300 gards away, already alarmed, but coming toward the handers instead of going away. The goats stopped when about 200 yards off.

"It prepared to a shot," the writer says. "The two rams appeared to be of a size, and their broad curving horas looked very line. If was a long shot but as I fired, the one sho's at fell headlong of the rock and disappeared in a small crevice. I very nearly got a shot at the seco

## LURING GAME TO DEATH.

Beasts of Prey that Play on the Curlosity of Their Natural Food.

A writer in a well-known sporting paper tells how he and a friend lay down behind a log one day and watched for a flock of canvasback ducks to come into the broad river. Pretty soon in came a flock of thousands that alighted 500 yards from the shore and began to plume themselves, duck fashion. One of the men tied his red handkerchief on the end of a stick and began to wave it at intervals in sight of the lucks. The ducks began to cock their beads sideways, and after a while they began to swim

does. For lack of a dog men themselves have ambled about on their hands and knees to attract the birds.

A wild house cat, black as coal, was seen by a hunter, walking slowly up and down a level stretch of sand near an old house on the Connecticut River. Three black ducks were far out in the river and like the geese came swimming slowly in, out of curlosity, but the man could not wait to see what would happen. He killed all three ducks with his gun.

in his tracks. The band bunched up and ran n a semi-circle at about the same distance (126 yards) from me, and I got in two more smoke-less shots, and then by mistake one of black powder. I knew the latter immediately, for on firing it the 200 animals disappeared in a cloud of smoke that only dissipated as the tail end of the lot hobbed over the hill crost. I had killed every one that I shot at." With all smokeless powder shells he would have got two more shots anyhow.

powder shells he would have got two more shots anyhow.

In the woods more so than on the plains the smoke of a gun is distressing, especially when the game is on the hustling jump. More than one man has jumped sideways after each shot to get another, because of the smoke. A boy using a 45-70 rife at a deer on an Adirondack runway jumped down a 10-foot bank, striking its waist-deep water, that he might get another shot at the deer. The last shot killed the deer, as it landed on a rock, ready for a leap into thick brosh. It was a still day, with no wind, and the five shots fired left a cloud of smoke in the air for fifteen minutes after. fevered imagination. Even sportsmen's papers

THE ROY WHO WANTS A GUN. How Youngsters May Be Turned Into

tended fowls like a shepherd dog. Sportsmen Without Risk. "Well, that's the steepest?" said a Brooklynite Nelson Eddy is a 14-year-old South Dakota Why, the idea of a foot bird's tending a flock

lad who wants to know how he can convince his mother that a gun doesn't invariably shoot the boy who uses it. His mother is the whlow of a man who was a thorough sportsman, and killed dozens of deer and hundreds of birds. In spite of this the mother fears to allow her son "Why, yes, of course, but dogs have brains use a gun. To turn a boy loose with a gun would be like giving a baby a hammer and a stick of As a matter of fact, there is nothing a dog can do which birds do not do, and there are a good dynamite, but in every place is to be found some ne who is thoroughly familiar with firearms many things birds do naturally which dogs having been a hunter for years. Nearly always have to be taught to do. The reason dog stories such a man as this likes to see a boy show er are believed, a naturalist says, is that dogs are familiar companions and well observed, while thusiasm in hunting matters. Better yet, such man likes to tell the youngsters how guns ough birds, because of lack of observation, are much less known, and the things they do seem imposto be handled, telling them of the deaths and mainings due to carelessness and ignorance sible to the novice.
There are three varieties of water birds and one had bird, at least, which are natural herders. Swans, cormorants, and pelloans gather in flocks of their own kind, have a confab, then stretch out Swars, cormovants, and pelicans gather in flocks of their own kind, have a confab, then stretch out in a line across the mouth of a bayon with their bills all pointing up the bayou. Once marshalled in proper form the birds flap their wings and tails till the water flies, and make all sorts of vocal sounds, swimming up the bayou all the time. The first observers of this habit thought the birds were certainly crazy, but after a while method was observed in the apparent madness. Then it was called a "marvellous instinct." The splasning scared the dish and they fied up the bayou into the shallow water, followed closely by the birds. While most of the flock held the fish in the shallow water by a continuous splashing, two or three of the birds went in among the fish and gathered into their louches, or craws, enough for a mess, when they loined the driving line and their places were taken by other birds till all were well fed.

Turkeys, both tame and wild, go along in a curved line, one deep and just clear of each other, scaring up the grasshopners, which fly to right or left and are struck quickly by the turkeys in front of which they alight.

One or two instances are reported where smidtill cranes have done likewise out on the prairies, so probably they, too, are benefes.

In this line probably they, too, are terlers.

In this line probably the most extraordinary feat is that of several hawks near Las Animas, N. M., reported by F. T. Webber to the Forest and Stream in March, 1892. A telephone line had been run from the town to a ranch some distance away. In that locality the hawks are unusually almedant, and there are also numerous flocks of small birds there.

maimings due to carelessness and ignorance, and of the pleasures of being careful and skilful. With such a man no boy would be in danger even with a loaded gun in his hands. Nor does it take long for the axioms of gun users to become a part of the boy's learning.

It might be well to pay the local sportsman a small sum, and he would gladly take the young-ster with sporting blood to the fields, to flush and shoot the pointed bird or kill the houping rabbit. A good many boys have been injured by trying to hunt alone secretly, and even killed, because they did not have proper training. Many a fourteen-year-old has killed a deer, and there are ten-year-olds a-plenty who break pigeons at the trap in a way surprising to older shooters.

DUCKS DROWN AN EAGLE?

Alleged Exploit Attributed to Crow Ducks If a writer for the American Field is to be be lieved, the crow duck is a most extraordinary

bird on the Potomac River, cutting up such capers as to make even a naturalist gasp. Four years ago," he writes, "while shooting ducks with Mr. Waller (President Cleveland's duck blind builders, I noticed a flock of three or four thousand crow ducks. After half an hour I noticed an engle going toward the flock. When he arrived at the proper distance he made s dart, but the ducks, as if by magic, went under water like a flash and sent up a volume of wa ter as if a big mine had been exploded. This was done time and time again, and finally the volume of water thrown up was so great that once told me that he once witnessed the same

the eagle was nearly drowned. An old ducker once told me that he once witnessed the same scene and that the eagle was drowned. This is a sight seldom seen, which may occur but once in a ducking life of fifty years.

This crow duck is also known as the American coot, mud hen, blue peter, and Fidica Americana by various hunters and alongshore people. Up North here these ducks may be seen in creeks and marshy, reed-grown rivers, but South in Florida they resort in enormous numbers to the lakes where bonnets or yellow lilles abound, associating there with lesser scaup ducks. They are shy birds, being much persecuted usually, but in localities where shooting is prohibited, near the Titusville, Fla., railroad pler for instance, they are as tame as sparrows, understanding that there they are safe.

The nearest anybody ever came to the drowning eagle story was Frank M. Chapman in his Birds of Eastern North America," when he says: "When alarmed they patter over the water using their feet as much as their wings. The sound produced is a characteristic one." He does not say whether the water these or not, but one could imagine that a crow duck just as it turned up to dive could give its scolloped webbed feet a kick up behind, like a vicious nule and so saturating the eagle that it would be drowned. Eagles often catch living ish out of the water, and of course, get more or less weet in doing so, but berhaps the Potomac River eagles are of a different species than those known to bird books.

## the form of the flock on the water is a most inviting one for a hungry or HUNTING LIVELY ALLIGATORS. Experience of a Party of Hunters Who Dug

The batt which attracts the ducks is put out in a narrow line looking straight away from the a marrow line looking straight away from the blind, because, as the Field's writer says, "If the bait is scattered the ducks will feed promiscuously, but if it is in a row they will feed in a line, dive down, come up weatered, then swim together, and get in line preparatory to diving again. Now is the time to shoot if oe wants to make a big swimming shot. The biggest shot for years on the Potomac was made by Mr. Waller and a friend, who after one discharge, picked up twenty-seven ducks and only one cripple." Some of these potted ducks went to now ex-President Harrison, and some toa ducking Seinator. One Out of Its Hole. Hunting Florida alligators has a number of charms that would be appreciated by almost any one from a superintendent of a menageric to a true sportsman. To be thoroughly enjoyed several ladies should be present, who add to the confusion with diverting squeals and screame," says one hunter.

A Forest and Stream writer tells how Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Lovejoy, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Veysey, ing Sociator.

Mrs. I. E. Lovejoy, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Versey,
Mrs. Waller is described as a genius, for ne
has taught the non-diving mailard, to dive for
guide get a 'eater in Alligator Creek, near Puntaguide got a 'gator in Alligator Creek, near Punta tiles. The first one seen slumped into the creek, but a "little ways beyond was a 'gator's cave." Alligators are like angle worms, digging deep Alligators are like angle worms, digging deep into the mud. Such a boring is called a "cave." On digging into the "cave " the alligator's head was uncovered after a while, a hook on the end of a pole was caught in one foot, and "he was ignominously dragged forth." It appears that the alligator took t lings easy till his tail was free, "then there was a battle royal."

An allicator handles his tail as a farmer does a fail. One wipe landed on the guide's chest, and he landed in a mud puddle, from which he was helped by the sympathetic ladies. The return swing caught Mr. Concannon fair, and it is said that he now sits on a pillow. Meantime, the others got a rope around the "critter which is now on exhibition in the local gator tank. It is larger than any alligator taken near Punta Gorda this year, but owing to its pugnacity it has not yet been measured."

## hears an old Mississippi steamboat, but it is only the mailards diving. Sportsmen are beginning to think that Mr. Cleveland is not a real sportsman, especially after reading of poteshots made from his blind at ducks lined un in a row on purpose that they may be shot into with deadly effect. Judged from the English standard, Mr. Cleveland is a sportsman, for Englishmen often kill a hungred ducks with a one-bore punt gna, mounted like a swiver in the bow of a boat, loaded with two pounds of shot. THE HANDSOME PTARMIGAN. Reasons Why They Are Not Likely to Be Exterminated at Present.

For a variety of reasons plarmigans are not apt to be exterminated by sportsmen. In fact, they are on the increase. They appear in the United States in accessible places during extreme cold only, and it is downright hard work to get them, which makes it improbable that the average market hunter will seek them.

In the winter they sometimes appear in the Adirondacks, often in Maine, while in Lower Canada and the Rockies they come in thousands, more and more every year. They breed in Arctic lands, far out of reach of most summer hunters, but on the coming of winter mimen get a whack at them. They are abundant in northern Montana now, and a few barrels full of them, the first in many years, have ap-peared in chicago markets this winter, coming in from Canada and Nova Secula.

In winter they are a pure white bird, save for the coal black quilts of the wing feathers, while the legs, from hip to toe nails, are eased in

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down, protecting those members from the extreme cold. In summer they are wretched-looking objects, scantily covered with dirty brown feathers, but few see them in this condition, as they are then in the far north. In winter they sleep at night in burrows in the snow, and foxes, and other predatory animals feast on them.

snow, and foxes, and other predatory animals feast on them.

As a food delicacy their meat is equal to the ruffed grouse, though darker and containing more moisture. A single shipment of ten barreis of them recently arrived in Chicago. The game buyers were afraid of them, as they were a new bird to them, but it is said there is no doubt that next winter will find this beautiful and delicious bird common there.

THIS LIZARD HAS AN UMBRELLA It Also fine a Tall that MigiA Be Useful to Mothers of Bad Boys.

The friiled lizard is found in Australian woods, being tolerably abundant in north Queensland and the Kimberly district of western Australia. It lives on beetles such as are found on the tree barks. It has some characteristics of which Nature tells. Three pictures ac company the article, giving front, rear, and side views of the animal. It is about three feet long. measured from head to tall point. What makes it remarkable consists of two things- its hurry walk and its fighting anger.

It carries a sort of natural umbrella top about its neck, which it elevates suddenly with an alarming effect, even to ordinary lizard killing dogs, scaring them as an umbrella opened in the face of a charging bull. Hence it is called the feilled lizard. Its teeth are not of much use as a defence against a vigorous animal, but when it fights it uses its long, lithe tail in a way to bring long bruises on one's hands; in fact, could it be properly trained it might serve

fact, could it be properly trained it might serve as an automatic switch, which, like the magic rub-a-dub-dub stick, would at the word administer a thrashing to the disobedient child.

From the scientific point of view the creature's peculiar method of ambulation is most interesting, because it presents an absurdly grotesque appearance at such times, more especially from the rear. It walks bipedally, or on two foet, like a bird, and so much does it resemble a bird in its walk that it seems to be the connecting link between the ancestors of birds and the lizards of to-day. It walks in a hurry, and the photographs were secured with some difficulty from living specimens in England, the most rapid roller-bind shutter of an Anschutz being necessary, as ordinary shutters did not work fast enough, a dim, blurred streak being all the picture they got.

When walking erect, its only mode when in a hurry, it leaves a track in the mud showing

When walking erect, its only mode when in a hurry, it leaves a track in the mud showing three claws. Readers will remember the three-toed track in the sand stones found in various nuseums. The professors remembered them, too, and they are now calculating that these sandstone tracks were made by another such animal as this Australian lizard.

An old quarryman once told about seeing a set of these sandstone tracks blurred in places by another kind of tracks, just as if one reptile had been chasing another. It must have been a highly interesting race, with the rousingist kind of a fight at the end.

The unusual endurance of dogs, especially trained English dogs, is always a matter of comment among sportsmen. For instance, it is remembered that the royal stag bounds during the sporting reign of King Charles II. made i

THE SAMENESS OF THE OCEAN TO

Revelations Made by the Dredge of Sele ence-Anemones and Corals-The Pinngs Into the Mysteries of the Greater Depths

From the San Francisco Chronicle. Within the last quarter of a century science has claimed the watery world as a part of her heritage equally with terra firma. The territory has been explored and mapped out. Dredge and sounding apparatus have been at work. The ocean bed has revealed its varying level of hill and dale, table land and abyss. From a vast array of facts relating to different depths knowledge of its currents and of the varying temperature and salinity of its waters has grown to something like a complete whole. The Norman conquest is not a more important landmar & in English history than is the Challenger ex 'see

dition in the story of deep sea exploration.

The scientists who cruised for four year aus-

der the leadership of Sir Wyville Thomso A saw

the fog banks of obscurity roll away; the dredge brought them tribute of strange forms of life upon the like of which the eye of roan had never before rested. The "dark, wifathom'd caves of ocean" merited the epithet no longers the deepest abyss was sounded, though fiv miles of line ran out before the usurd indications of having touched the bottom were noted. By an ingenious contrivance the dredge brought to the surface each time a sample of the clay, come, or gravel upon which it had revted. But while knowledge in all its branches ! as grown deeper and richer for the spoil which watery provinces have yielded, our acquaintance with the wonders of animal life has advanced by leaps and bounds. It has been the work of twenty years to sum up in twice as many volumes the discoveries made by the Challenger sea is the one far distant ancestral home of animals in general. Of, those found in fossil form, all the most ancient ones seem to have made their home in the waters. The changing level of the land may from time to time have insulated a bay or inter and turned it into a lake or inland sea. Partial from the ocean, its watters would become iresh, but so gradually that the fish and other occupants had time to adaptthemselves to new conditions. But a further step, and a long one, was needed before the fish could take possession of another element. Perhaps the tadpole in its change to the frog throws out a hint of how it came about. The African mudfish, when the lake in which it lives drie up, buries itself in the mud, and as its efficare ow useless, breathes air, using its swim bladder as a lung. Here we seem to have a fish onthe high road to become a land animal.

Seen from our own standpoint, nothing could be more unaform than the sea. One mile of gray, heaving water is the counterpart of the last and of the many that are to follow. But there is no sameness about the inmates of the sea; life below water seems to have shaken of

The unusual calculators of otags, especially from the model and animal. South commerced that to report and consideration of the commerced that the report and consideration of the commerced that the report and consideration of the construction of

In all, 1,385 doves were killed in one day by fourteen Macon, Ga., gunners recently, Of these 20) were killed by another. That is what most of hunters call great stort.

One of hunters call great stort.